

RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. III.

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No. 1.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

ORIGINAL TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

To Sarah Jane Hale, of Newport, Cheshire Co. N. H. the writer of the following tale, the committee awarded the premium of *ten dollars*.

AMBITION,

OR THE STORY OF WILLIAM AND CATHARINE.

" The ambition to excel in virtue is the only ambition which can always be safely indulged."

" Ambition," said the Clergyman, laying down his pen and adjusting himself with the air of a man about entering on the discussion of a favorite and well-digested topic, " ambition is an inherent passion of our species; neither would I, by any means wish it eradicated. It incites to noble actions, it impels to generous sacrifices, it nerves us to sustain unmerited sufferings; it acts on the mind like the electric fluid on the atmosphere, agitating to purify; and although the fury of the one, or the flashes of the other may sometimes deal destruction around, yet without their life-imparting influence the air would be a pestilence, and man a brute. There is, however, a restlessness in human thought, a disgust of long continued attention to one object or one design, which, by diverting men from their original purposes, or directing their powers to a variety of pursuits, usually prevents them from obtaining eminence in any. Neither in the present condition of the world is this vacillating temper of its inhabitants to be much regretted. Few could stand on the highest pinnacle of fame without losing, in the giddiness caused by their elevation, all just perception of sober realities; and few could grasp the gold, they are so anxiously toiling to obtain, without feeling its weight pressing them down to deeper and still deeper communion with the vilest things of earth; and fewer would wield the sceptre of power without employing it to oppress or destroy.

" Yet however mischievous the emulating principle may be when concentrated, it is to its action, when diffused, we are indebted for the elegancies and luxuries, the arts and ornaments of civilized and polished society. As the gentle shower that kisses to brighter life the springing grass and opening buds, and the tremendous water-spout, which bursting in mid air deluges and devastates the devoted spot on which it falls, are both exhalations from the same ocean.

" I would not, therefore, endeavour so much to repress your ambition, as to direct it to noble pursuits, to worthy and attainable objects; but one truth must never be forgotten. Happiness is not necessarily dependent on external circumstances, neither does it always follow in the train of the successful. Yet this is an opinion which the young are prone to cherish. They see before them the sunny hills of prosperity, and the sparkling waters of pleasure, and to bask in the brightness of the one, and fill their cup from the fountain of the other is all of heaven to which they aspire. They think little of the dangers, and difficulties to be encountered and overcome before they can enjoy the objects of their wishes—still less do they calculate for their own change of feeling. How should they know that the scenes which delight at sixteen will disgust at sixty, that the fascination of the world is its novelty, and that 'vanity' is the only inscription, on the things of earth, which they will never find obliterated.

" But perhaps some incidents which once fell beneath my own observation, may serve more fully to illustrate my sentiments, and convince you that the successes of the ambitious are not to be estimated as felicity; and that we should never give free scope to our aspiring wishes except their indulgence is sanctioned by reason, virtue and duty.

" The parish where I first officiated was inhabited by a people of simple manners, and pious feelings. Engaged almost exclusively in the primitive occupation of agriculture, they, were industrious from choice and prudent from habit; and lived in happy ignorance of the splendid cares, the heartless gayeties, the glare, bustle and ostentation of a flattering but delusive world. The aspect of the scenery harmonized well with the spirit of the inhabitants. There was an air of calm repose, of sober tranquillity pervading the little village and its thinly settled environs, which seemed to mark it for the abode of peace and humility. Yet ambition was even there—William Norton, although he had been born and reared in that secluded place, and had always earned his bread with his own hands, nevertheless meditated schemes as daring and cherished hopes as ardent as ever entered the bosom of the proud patriot or prouder hero. And yet his dreams of future greatness were not the ebullitions of a vain mind. He had really a most excellent understanding, except that the romantick would sometimes predominate over the reasonable—and he had improved every oppor-

tunity of cultivating his talents, till his acquirements, although they did not render him fastidious, showed him his associates were his inferiors; and then he panted for an opportunity of distinguishing himself among those who were qualified to appreciate talents, and liberal to reward merit. He felt he had strength for the race; but his path was so hedged he could find no goal from which to start. I had travelled much, had studied books and men, and was willing to communicate my knowledge. My society and friendship were therefore, eagerly sought by young Norton. I was pleased with his noble countenance, and frank though unpolished manners, and finding the integrity of his heart corresponded with the quickness of his genius to make his character as amiable as interesting, I cheerfully contributed my aid to perfect, in some degree, his hitherto unavoidably neglected education. How his dark eye would flash when a new idea, or fact, or illustration burst on his mind! It was like the breaking forth of the morning over a rich landscape which has long lain in shadow. But man's desires outrun his wants, and every sip from the fountain of knowledge increases his thirst for a more copious draught. Though I laboured constantly and faithfully to impress on the mind and heart of William, the little intrinsic value of all worldly distinctions or acquirements, that their worth was but the dross of the furnace, when compared with the loveliness of that virtue which all might practice, and to whose rewards even the meanest might aspire; yet I found his ardor for an opportunity of distinguishing himself was often too impetuous for his temper to control; and he would accuse fate of cruelty in thus mismatching his mind and station, and declare in being condemned to obscurity he was forever doomed to unhappiness. Perhaps you may wonder he did not make some efforts to compass his desires; that he did not, like the knights of yore set out in search of adventures. He well knew the excellent institutions of our country offered to merit, and talents, and perseverance every chance of success. But William Norton was bound by chains that have fettered conquerors, and can we wonder a young man of twenty two should find them inextricable. He loved, and the object of his affection was wholly dependent on him for protection and support.

"He could have left his home, and foregone the society of his friends, and endured the buffets of the world; but he never could whisper to Catharine Cummings 'I must leave you.' Neither did I, while gazing on the face of the sweet girl, wonder at his irresolution. She was indeed as beautiful a creature as ever was born to die; one of those bright visions which I have thought were sometimes permitted to men that they might form an idea of the perfection of the celestial inhabitants. Such women will remind us of angels, and to call them

so can hardly be idolatry. Catharine was an orphan. Her father had moved in the first circles, and been a man of large possessions. But misfortunes overtook him, and he became a bankrupt. His wife, whose patient example would have supported him, died of a fever, and he was left with no comforter but Catharine. He then removed to our village, where a widowed sister of his resided, and lived in seclusion. But his sorrows preyed on his mind,—he fell sick, and William Norton, with all the ardor of youthful benevolence tendered him his ready assistance. Yet I will not praise him too highly—his kindnesses were not all disinterested. Catharine watched beside her father's bed, and William's eyes frequently wandered from the pallid face of the patient, to fix on the blooming cheek of the youthful nurse. Col. Cummings doubtless observed this and thought it best to sanction a union which would ensure to his beloved child a competency and an amiable protector when he should be no more. The last morning of his life he called William to his bed-side and taking his hand said,—

" 'I am dying, my young friend, and I die willingly—there is but one pang'—The youth pressed his hand. 'You have a kind heart,' continued, the invalid,—'Catharine will want friends.' 'Not while I live,' cried William, impetuously, 'O! if you would but consent she should be mine'—

" 'I will, I do,' said the feeble man. 'We might once have had higher pretensions—but the opinion of the world no longer deceives me. You are rich in the endowments of the heart, and virtue is the precious inheritance, the distinction men ought most to covet. I need not tell you to love my poor girl—you do that already; but you must cherish her with peculiar tenderness. She is the child of love, and during my reverses my most anxious care has been to save her from feeling their presence. Perhaps I have not done wisely. Trials and privations might have taught her to estimate more truly the general condition of humanity. But her disposition is so amiable I think she will easily accommodate herself to your rural mode of life, and be happy. Call her that I may give you her hand, and bless you both before I die.'

"I was present during this conversation, and immediately obeyed his request; but before his daughter entered his apartment he had fainted: and although he partially revived and continued several hours he never spake again. When he was gone, William beckoned me aside—'You have,' said he, 'heard the solemn trust Colonel Cummings reposed in me;—but do not mention it. Catharine must not know it at present. Let me first win her heart. I would not have her marry me from a sense of duty.' Catharine wept bitterly over her father—but hers was a joyous spirit: the whole creation was her friend. And while in the gayety of her innocent heart she bounded over the

meadows in search of flowers, or listened to the melody that filled our green woods, she rejoiced in the happiness she witnessed, and her smiles were again called forth by the smiles of nature. Methinks I see her now, just as she looked when leaning on the arm of William, they came to make me their accustomed weekly visit. Her manner was so animated, and she conversed so fluently, it was with difficulty my sober ideas could keep pace with the rapidity of hers, or that I could answer her various, though sometimes whimsical questions, while, with a countenance glowing with health and intelligence, she would flit around my little garden like a fairy. William sometimes descanted on the properties of plants, and the beauties of flowers, but his eyes always followed Catharine.

"It was soon reported through our neighbourhood that they were to be united; nor did any appear to envy them the happiness which all acknowledged they deserved. Yet the mind of William was not wholly at ease. I saw him one evening he was leaning against a tree and apparently lost in deep thought. There was a contraction of the brow which indicated his meditations were not of the most pleasurable kind. 'I have,' said he, 'been reading Plutarch's Lives to-day and was thinking how my drowsy adventures would compare with those of his active heroes.'

"I replied with a quotation from the great moral poet—

"'Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, *there* all the honour lies.'

"'I know it,' he answered, 'but I wish heaven had appointed me a more glorious part to act.'

"'But do you, my young friend,' said I, 'sufficiently discriminate between the splendid and the useful? And would you, were it in your power, barter peace for greatness? The eagle builds on the loftiest rocks and looks proudly in the face of the sun, but no note of joy ever issued from his beak: the linnet perches in the lowly vale, yet her song tells you she is happy.'

"He sighed, and I pursued my walk.

"The next morning I passed by his farm. He was whistling after his plough, and the smile with which he returned my greeting was the best commentary on the innocence and cheerfulness of his employment.

"'You are emulating Cincinnatus,' said I.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'and I have determined for the future to follow his example in the only particular in which I can imitate it.'

"'But last evening'—

"'Last evening' returned he, 'I had almost determined differently, but I called on Catharine in my way home. The world you know, sir, has been lost for a woman, and why should I blush to acknowledge that for a woman I lose seeing the world.'

"It was several weeks before I saw him again.

I concluded him busy preparing for his nuptials, and therefore excused his absence. One morning he abruptly entered my study, I thought he had come to invite me to his wedding, yet his agitated countenance contradicted the idea.

"'Shall I give you joy,' said I, 'No,' he replied, 'joy was never meant for me, but give me your blessing, and that shall comfort me when in a strange land I lay down my head without a friend to smooth my pillow.'

"He then informed me that Catharine had dismissed him. 'I have,' said he, 'for some time thought her reception cold; neither could I, prevail with her to fix the day for our union, but not till yesterday did I learn the reason. Judge of my astonishment, my indignation, when she deliberately told me she could not marry me. It seems an old Sybil, in whose predictions she places implicit confidence, has promised her a rich merchant for her husband, and so she no longer thinks the poor farmer worthy her notice.'

"Here his agitation became so violent it was with difficulty he could command his voice. I suggested every argument I could recollect to calm and comfort him. I reminded him of the anxiety he had always expressed to travel—that he was now at liberty, and that his disappointment, grievous as it was, did not give him the sorrow he must, at some hour, have felt had he broken his faith to Catharine. I urged him to rouse his fortitude, and show himself a man, adding, that the truly wise displayed their superiority by improving opportunities, while the simple were bewailing misfortunes. At length he became more composed, and taking from his pocket-book the money for which he had sold his farm, he after reserving fifty dollars, presented the remainder to me saying, 'I confide this to your care, and whenever Catharine needs it let it all be appropriated for her, I have not,' continued he, speaking very quick, 'forgotten the promise I gave her dying father to protect her. Her cruelty cannot cancel that. But never let her know her benefactor.' Although admiring his generosity and the delicacy of his feelings, yet I could not let him thus go forth into the selfish world unfurnished with the means of support, and I insisted he should take the greater share, promising that I would myself provide amply for Catharine. After many entreaties he at length, consented to take half; then embracing me and forcing a smile, while a tear swelled in his dark eye, he bade me not expect to see him again till he brought fortune his captive, and took leave. The more I reflected on the matter, the more inexplicable appeared the conduct of Catharine; nor could I reconcile her levity with any trait I had ever observed in her character. It must, I thought, be the effect of that caprice which women are said to practice, although I never before witnessed such a display. And I felt it my duty to ad-

monish her. This I determined to do from the desk, as I have ever found the guilty conscience most susceptible of reproof, when left to make its own application. On the following sabbath, when I had ascended the pulpit, my eye involuntarily sought the seat of Catharine. She was there, but the dejection of her countenance seemed to claim sympathy rather than deserve severity. I preached, nevertheless, as I had intended, and her downcast eye, and changing cheek assured me she felt the truth of my remarks. Poor girl! said I, as I walked slowly home, you will pay dearly for your coquetry—already you lament the departure of William; and well you may for the loss of such a friend is rarely repaired.

“Some particular business made it necessary I should leave my parish for a few months. I was detained beyond my expectations and did not reach home till the following spring. Almost my first inquiry was for Catharine. They told me she was dying. Dying! my heart grew sick at the word, and I could only utter exclamations. My informant added that she had been drooping ever since the departure of William, and it was thought her disorder was a broken heart. Catharine heard of my return and the next morning sent for me to visit her. I went. Oh, the change grief and sickness will produce on the young and beautiful! Yet to see this in its most appalling form we must see it at once. While watching the gradual decay of a friend we become insensibly habituated to the ravages of disease. But go to the bedside of the pale emaciated victim of death, whom a few short months before you left in the glow of health and hope. There read how transitory are the promises of earth: how vain, how futile the expectations of man! Catharine extended her hand. Did you ever press the cold, clammy hand of a dying person? If you never did, you know not the painful shudder it causes; the chill when your own warm blood seems curdling in your veins. She smiled on me, and I wept over her. At length she asked me to pray. ‘And for what shall I petition?’ said I.

“‘That God will pardon my sins, and receive my soul—and,’ a slight glow overspread her pale cheek—‘that he will guard and bless William.’

“‘You have not then forgotten him,’ said I.

“‘Forgotten him!’ she replied, ‘oh! no, no,’—and she spoke with an energy that surprised me. But I cannot repeat all our conversation. Suffice it to say, her rejection of William proceeded from the fear that his *ambition* would never allow him to be happy in domestick life; and that he would, in a short time, repent his connexion with her. He had repeatedly told her nothing but her love could have reconciled him to the thought of spending his days in seclusion. The eye of a true lover is vigilant. She had detected the cause of his secret repining and in the first burst of

disappointed feeling that she could not engross his whole heart, she determined to set him entirely at liberty. To avoid expostulation she adopted the artifice of impressing him with the idea of her indifference or selfishness. The expedient succeeded; and William, who would have sacrificed his life for her felicity, when he thought she had been trifling with his affections, left her without a complaint or solicitation. When, however, she found he had actually gone from the country without indicating any intention of returning; her tenderness revived, and bitterly she repented her rash experiment, which had thus sent him forth into the world, where he would most probably be unfortunate and, if he loved her as he had professed, unhappy. Remorse and regret preyed on her mind. She was companionless and friendless, and the insidious consumption, that always seems watching to attack the young and lovely, soon withered the hopes of her once gay and happy heart. She gave me a packet to be delivered to William, and then, as she seemed nearly exhausted, I took my leave. I never saw her more. She died that night; and was laid in the still grave. The dead are soon forgotten, especially when, like poor Catharine, they leave no near relative or dear connexion to repeat their name, and sigh over their loss. It was nearly seven years after, when one evening, as I sat alone in my study, the image of that sweet girl, and the incidents of her brief life seemed at once to rise before me. I knew not then, nor can I now account for that peculiar train of thought being at that particular time awakened. I had not heard her name for years—strangers occupied the house where she had once dwelt; she was nothing to me, except a fair and innocent woman, who had fallen a victim to mistaken sentiments, and false reasoning. Still her idea haunted me. I tried to banish it but could not; till, at length, my servant entered to say a stranger waited to see me. I bade him enter, and knew him at the first glance. It was William. It might be thinking of Catharine made me more easily recognize her lover, for none of his other friends remembered him thus at once. He was elegantly attired, and his air and manner showed the prosperous and proud man; yet there was a restlessness in his eye which betrayed internal agitation; and I knew that whatever he might have gained *peace* was not his.

“‘You have been successful,’ said I, while he was embracing me with the joy of a son on being restored to his father. ‘Yes,’ he replied, in a gratified tone, ‘beyond even my dreams, that you called so romantick.’

“‘And have you,’ I asked, ‘found fortune and happiness the same? And do you still think the world an Eden?’

“He laid his hand on mine, and the expression of his countenance, where sorrow, contempt and indignation seemed struggling for mastery, told me better than his words, the

feelings of his soul. He had travelled in Europe and Asia: had visited many cities and seen much both of human grandeur, and human wretchedness. He had, also, surmounted, with more than usual success, the dangers and obstacles which beset the unprotected adventurer. And he had returned to his native country rich in gold, and in the experience which gold cannot purchase: yet felicity, like the horizon, still seemed distant as ever. All he had coveted was obtained, but the consequences he had anticipated, he found did not follow. 'Must I still flatter myself with obtaining happiness,' said he. 'I intend relinquishing my ambitious plans, and settling here in my own village.' A crimson hue overspread his features, and his eye seemed searching my heart. I knew his thoughts, yet what could I answer,

"'Catharine,' he continued in a faltering tone,—'is in heaven,' I replied—

"'Is she dead?' he inquired, starting from his seat, I confirmed it. He sat down, and covered his face with his hand. But when he learned the particulars of her fate, and read the packet she had left, in which, she confessed her fond and faithful love, and revealed the motives which induced her to conceal it and dismiss him, I thought his reason would have been overthrown. 'Ambition,' said he, 'it is my ambition has undone me?' He no longer thought of living in retirement. The bustle of the world was necessary to prevent the intrusion of thought, and dissipate the images of memory. He is now one of the most eminent men in the city where he resides; lives in magnificence, enjoying the flattery, and exciting the envy of the world. Yet he has more than once confessed to me, he regretted the hour when he left his field, and his plough, and that he was convinced greatness did not insure happiness, nor riches inspire content."

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

On the evening of a beautiful autumnal day, when a glorious sunset was fast mellowing into a lovely twilight, a vessel from England was swiftly approaching the harbour of New-York. All on deck was gaiety and bustle. The interior cabin presented a different scene. Reclining on a sofa, a young and beautiful female was weeping bitterly. Not with that calm, deep grief which at once inspires pity and respect, but with that violent and hysterical sobbing which betrays conflicting passions. The hectic suffusion of her cheek was alternately succeeded by a death-like paleness—and her broken exclamations spoke of shame and dread, as well as sorrow.

A young man of graceful appearance was pacing the cabin with disordered steps, casting, at intervals, glances of pity, mingled with reproach, on his agitated companion. At length

approaching, and taking her hand, he said, in a voice which endeavoured to assume a tone of calmness—

"Isabella, how injurious to yourself, and how cruel to me, are these violent bursts of sorrow! In compliance with your incessant intreaties. I consented to revisit America: did you not promise that if I would restore you to your friends, you would endeavour to be tranquil, and repress these useless repinings, which have injured your health, and my peace? Isabella, exert your fortitude. We are fast approaching your native city—in a few hours you may behold your family; why, then, are your complainings renewed? and why do they assume so much the appearance of reproach towards me!"

"Stanly," she exclaimed, sobbing violently, "I cannot see them! how can I meet the meek, tearful eyes of my mother? how can I bear to encounter the calm, stern glance of *Augusta*? and—oh! I cannot, dare not, see *Cornelia*!"

"Miserable girl!" exclaimed he, "it is impossible to reason with you. Have you not repeatedly assured me, that nothing, except returning to your family, and to your native country, could restore you to health? You will meet nothing but kindness from your relations, and the *wife* of Edward Stanly, may surely claim respect from *others*?"

Again Isabella promised to behave with more calmness. The vessel reached the harbour, and our voyagers proceeded to a hotel, from whence they determined to dispatch a note to inform Isabella's family of their arrival.

The time which intervened before an answer could arrive, was spent by Stanly in endeavouring, by mingled arguments and soothing, to restore his wife to some degree of composure. But tranquillity is not for those who, like poor Isabella, have forsaken the paths of *duty*, and who, by following the impulses of *passion*, have entailed on themselves regret and remorse. Those only may expect tranquillity, who adhere to *principle*, and take *reason* for their guide. Isabella had learned this too late; and though united to the man without whom she had imagined she could not bear to live, she was miserable.

Four years prior to this second voyage, young Stanly had visited America. This voyage was one of curiosity and pleasure. His parents were dead, and he inherited from them an ample fortune.—He brought letters of introduction to several of the most respectable citizens of New-York, and his fine figure and prepossessing manners, made him a distinguished guest in every family he visited. By means of a gentleman with whom he became acquainted, Stanly was introduced to the house of Mrs. Howard, a widow lady of genteel fortune, whose family consisted of three daughters—all lovely, though in a different degree. *Augusta*, the eldest, was a young lady possessed of great mental acquirements; her man-

ners were dignified, though a slight degree of *hauteur* sometimes threw a shade over her more pleasing qualities. Yet her heart was not destitute of tender feelings; she was fervently attached to her family, in particular to her youngest sister Cornelia. Isabella, Mrs. Howard's second daughter, was on a visit of some length, to an aunt in Boston, when Stanly first visited her mother's house, consequently, he had not then an opportunity of seeing her. But the lovely and interesting Cornelia soon attracted his attention. It would be in vain to attempt to describe Cornelia; her beauty consisted not in 'a set of features, or complexion;' it was the divine intelligence of a pure and lovely soul, which irradiated her countenance; the mingled fire and sweetness which beamed from her eyes; the ever-varying hues which sensibility, genius, and modesty, threw over her delicate cheek; the fair and open brow, where candour sat enthroned; the tender sweetness of her voice, and the pensive softness of her smile, which constituted the charms of Cornelia. A nameless grace accompanied her slightest movement; in short, *hers* was that expression of *intellectual beauty* which, when seen, must be *felt*, but which cannot be *described*. The polished manners of Stanly, joined to his refined taste, and classical knowledge, soon rendered him a favorite with Mrs. Howard and her daughters. It was soon visible that the young Cornelia was the magnet which attracted his frequent visits. Their admiration was mutual: Cornelia regarded him as a superior being; and when, after an intimacy of a few months, he proposed himself to Mrs. Howard as her future son-in-law, the proposal was received by her with joy, and Cornelia looked forward, with the happy confidence of innocence, to a life of uninterrupted happiness with a being who appeared to possess every amiable quality. She never thought of suspecting that Stanly's regard for her could ever become *less*; she judged his heart by her own, and that heart was so tender, so confiding, so full of benevolence and virtue, how could it suspect another? Stanly, who knew that Mrs. Howard would not consent to separate entirely from her daughter, had, when he proposed their union, promised that he would only take Cornelia on a visit to England, to show, as he said, his treasure to his sisters and friends, and then return and settle in New-York; he sent to his sisters a miniature of his intended bride, and the time was fixed for their union.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee

"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

SPANISH GENEROSITY AND MOORISH HONOR.

At the time when Antequara which had fallen into the power of the Christians, was the limit of their possessions on the side of the

kingdom of Grenada, there lived in that city a knight, whose name was Narvaez, and who was also governor of the place.—This knight, in conformity to custom, frequently made incursions into the territory of Grenada; sometimes by detachments of his people.—It happened once that Narvaez sent on an expedition of this nature a party of cavaliers, who having set off at a well chosen hour, penetrated a considerable way into Grenada. They made no other capture however, but that of a good looking young man, who meeting them suddenly in the dark, and running with his horse against theirs, was unable to extricate himself. Finding that there was no hope of any further prize, and understanding from their prisoner that the country was clear, they returned the next morning to Antequara, and presented their captive to Narvaez. He was about two or three and twenty years of age; a knight, wearing a riding cloak of violet silk, richly ornamented according to the fashion of his country, and a small finely woven hat over a crimson cap; and he had moreover, an excellent horse, a lance, and a round shield, richly chased, such as were usually worn by Moors of distinction. On being asked by Narvaez who he was, he answered, he was a son of the governor of Ronda, who was well known to the Christians as a gallant warrior. When Narvaez inquired whither he was going, his tears prevented him from uttering a word in reply. "It astonishes me," observed Narvaez, "that being a knight, and the son of a governor so valiant as thy father, and knowing, besides, the chances of war, thou art so cast down, and weepest like a woman!—thou who hast the appearance of being a soldier, and a brave one!" "I weep not," answered the Moor, "to see myself a prisoner, nor that I am your captive. These tears are produced, not by the loss of liberty, but by another and a much greater misfortune." Narvaez with much interest required an explanation of these mysterious words. "Know then," said the youth, "that for some time I have been the lover of the daughter of a governor of one of our castles. I adore her; I have served her faithfully; and in her name have frequently fought against you Christians. Finally, she consented to marry me, and sent me word that I might come and carry her off from her father's house to my own. I was on my route, full of joy and hope when my evil destiny threw me in the way of your cavaliers, and I lost at once my liberty and the happiness I was anticipating." The compassion which Narvaez felt at this recital, was so great, that he told the unhappy Moor if he would promise on the faith of a knight, to return and place himself again in his power, he would permit him to pursue his journey. The youth consented, and having pledged his honour set off, and reached that evening the castle where his fair one lived. He soon found means to communicate to her his arri-

val; and she, on her part, so well seconded his views, that she immediately informed him of the time and place where he might see her alone. When they met, the Moor was bathed in tears. "What is all this!" exclaimed the astonished beauty! "now thou art in possession of the object of thy desires; now thou hast me in thy power and mayest lead me whither thou wilt, thou exhibitest signs of the greatest sorrow!" "Alas!" replied the Moor, "learn that in travelling hither yesterday to thee, I was taken by some cavaliers of Antequara, and carried to Narvaez, who, having heard of my misfortune, like a true knight, had pity upon me and permitted me, on my parole to return, to come and see thee. Here I am, therefore no longer a free man, but a slave; and God forbid that, although I have lost my own liberty, loving thee as I do, I should carry thee to a place where thou wouldst lose thine! I will return, for I have given my word to do so; and if I can ransom myself, I will again hasten to thee." "No!" rejoined his beloved, "before to-day thou hast proved that thou lovest me, and to-day thou provest it more than ever; but, since thou art so observant of what thou owest to me, God forbid that I should forget what I owe to thee. If thou art a slave, I will be a slave. If God restores thee to liberty, he will restore me also. This box contains precious jewels: make room for me on thy crupper. We will set off instantly; for I am rejoiced to share thy fortunes." Away they went; and the next morning arrived at Antequara, and surrendered themselves to Narvaez. He received them with great kindness, gave a grand entertainment in their honour, bestowed the highest praises on their constancy and love, and finally, having presented them with some valuable gifts, allowed them to return in freedom to their friends.—*Nat. Ad.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

The Frenchman and the Pigs.—A Frenchman one day seeing a sow and a litter of pigs pass, stood for sometime admiring them, till he found an opportunity of popping one under his coat and running off with it. This he attempted, but was pursued by the hostler, who overtook and seized him with the pig in his possession. He was taken to Bowstreet and fully committed.—When the trial came on, the circumstance of the theft being clearly proved, he was found guilty, and asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed? "Me lor, I vil trouble your attendez two tree vord vat I sal say. I French gentleman—I no understand vat you call de tief in dis country. Mais I vil tell you tout d'affair, and you vil find dat I am innocent. Me lor, I never tief a pig in my life time" "Why, it was found upon you." "Oh, certainly, but I take him vid his

own consent." "How do you mean?" "Vy, ven I vas see de mamma pig, and his childrens, I was very much in love vid him; and dis little pig, I look in the face, I say, you pretty little fellow, vil you come live with me for one month? He says, a week! a week! So I have taken him for a week, dat's all."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a fool." "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

SUMMARY.

Mr. Cooper, the novelist, with his family, has taken passage on board the Hudson, Captain Champlin, which sails on the 1st of June next for London. A new novel of his is announced by Messrs. Carey & Lea, Philadelphia, entitled "The Praire."

S. H. Parker, of Boston, will shortly put to press "Illustrations of Lying, in all its Branches," by Mrs. Opie. To be published by several of the booksellers of that place.

A new Post-Office has been established in the western part of Fabius, in Onondaga Co. with the name of APULIA Post-Office, of which Stephen Miles, Esq. is Post-Master.

TO OUR PATRONS.

In commencing our labors for the ensuing year, we would again tender our thanks to our many patrons for their very liberal support—its continuance is certainly our wish, and we shall be grateful for every effort which may tend to its improvement.

The course we have pursued in the preceding numbers of the Repository, to "blend instruction with delight," shall be strictly adhered to, and every attention paid to secure a choice fund of Original pieces, both in prose and poetry. In our selections we shall endeavour to be chaste, giving that assortment, which, while it amuses the young reader, may convey such useful information as shall polish and benefit him in the more mature years of manhood. We shall also, with the most scrupulous care avoid presenting aught to our readers which can call the crimson to the most virtuous maiden cheek. In pursuing this path, which we believe has heretofore been pursued in regard to the Repository, and aware that virtue is the only true happiness, we shall endeavor to give it its reward and to present vice only in its deformities.

But while we thus address our friends we respectfully call their attention to the following paragraph, which we quote from our Prospectus—as we shall be compelled from the nature of our journal to adhere to all its provisions:

"The Rural Repository will be published at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, or One Dollar and Twenty Five Cents if paid within three months after subscribing, if not paid at that time the paper will be discontinued; owing to the smallness of the sum and difficulty of collecting, we have concluded to make this arrangement. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Want of room at present compels us to omit the Prize Essay—It will be given in our next number.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, the Rev. Benjamin F. Stanton, of Bethlehem, Conn. and formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this city, to Miss Charlotte Jenkins, daughter of Thomas Jenkins.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Lieut. E. B. Griswold of the U. S. army, to Miss Sarah Hubbell, daughter of Levi Hubbell, of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

Prize Poem, by William Piatt, of this city.

THE WANING OF YOUTH.

Oh ye who have danced to the gay violin
And revelled in luxury's arms,
And dreamed all the pleasures were true ye could win—
That the world was a picture of charms,
When the bright sun of youth o'er the pure azure sky
Shone tranquilly, brilliant and clear,
Say, have ye ne'er breathed, as youth wasted, a sigh—
Or shed for its waning a tear?

Or were all the dreams that young fancy had wrought,
Of truth, but the shadow alone;
Or have the fond pleasures that wealth might have bought
As fleet as on Eagle wings flown?
I ask of the gay, who yet throng the wide halls
Where the splendor of pomp is displayed,—
Where the soft music thrills in the scene pictured walls,
By the pennyless artist portrayed—

I ask of the gay;—they will answer me not,
For they tremble the truth to reveal,
And they haunt the saloon and the rose-wreathed grot
Lest its weight on their bosoms should steal:—
Yet the time may arrive when their soft happy hours,
Like the dew from the noon's sun, have past
And memory paints, with its quick vivid powers,
The joys they have known for the last.

Oh! the pleasures of life are its dreams of the morn,
For its cares with our ages increase;
And the light youthful heart may be stung by a thorn
That shall mar its futurity's peace:—
And the wealth that has flattered the hopes of the gay,
May be lost for a moment's delight,
For the sun of the morning and brightness of day
Are succeeded by shadows of night!

Mr. EDITOR,—Observing a building has been erected on the commanding summit, called Prospect Hill, for the entertainment of citizens and strangers, I send you the following poem which I believe has before been published in this city, in order, that, through the extensive circulation of your paper, the attention of those of your readers who may visit this place from abroad may be called to this beautiful Hill. G. L.

LINES WRITTEN ON PROSPECT HILL.

NEAR HUDSON, N. Y.

A hundred sails are in mine eye,
A hundred fields that lie between,
And I am in the clouds on high,
Upon the wide and dewy green:
The Hudson is as light as air;
The sky as clear as clearest even;
A thousand stars are smiling there,
As bright as upper heaven:—
My feet are on the silky green,
My eyes are on the waters cast,
The moon has lighted up the scene,
And every grief has past:—
Of all delights, I feel that still
The richest are on Prospect Hill.

The city lies beneath my feet,
The tallest trees are yet below,
And yonder smiling country seat,
It seems a fairy palace now:

Yet I have seen the wealthy tread
On silken beds of flowers,
And when the sun afar had fled,
They knew not happy hours:—
But I am happy, as I gaze
Around on east and west,
Where many a little barque displays
Her canvass on the water's breast;
And Hudson! oh, it is as still
As sorrow is on Prospect Hill!

If friends that I have had were here,
To feel the joy I feel,
I would not shed another tear,
Another pang conceal:—
The roads seem like a snowy streak,
The mountains like a distant cloud,
From which the muttering thunders break
Sublimely fierce and loud;
And I am in the skies above,
And all beneath is still;
Oh, that the few on earth I love
Where here on Prospect Hill;
On Prospect Hill! where worlds are given
To sight, beneath the clouds of Heaven. P.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Level.

PUZZLE II.—A pair of snuffers.

NEW PUZZLE.

I.

A foreign name I always bear,
Though often manufactur'd here,
And pleasure I to all impart,
If manag'd with peculiar art.
In different colours I am drest,
As suits my master's fancy best;
Sometimes I'm black and dismal quite,
And sometimes cloth'd in virgin white;
Sometimes both black and white I wear,
And oftentimes in brown appear.
I at the festive board attend,
And in the fair sex have a friend.
But hold—enough is said no doubt,
For you to find your servant out.

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| | |
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